

BROTHER BUFORD'S BREAK

He is Going Back to the Turf, and He'd Like to know Why He Shouldn't Do So.

Louisville Courier-Journal.

A huge shade blotted out a dozen square yards of sunshine on Gray street yesterday afternoon, and a reporter had hardly removed his hat for the unexpected favor before he had to steer due north for a few laps and tack west again to get out of the way of the advancing brig. Signals were exchanged, and as the larger craft swung to, the good-natured, smiling face of Gen. Abe Buford appeared from under his extensive straw hat and volunteered, between gasps: "Hot, ain't it?"

"I think you've struck the combination, general," said the reporter.

"Young man, your weakness for horse-racing will, sooner or later, land you right in the bosom of the church."

"What has the bosom of the church ever done to me, general?"

"You don't cotton, then?" emphasized the general, as he slipped his umbrella into his hand and drew a diagram of the blushing joke on his dusty shoe.

"Did you have a pleasant trip south?" changing the subject.

"Very pleasant, indeed. I just got home this morning. I intend leaving for Chicago on the 20th, where I will deliver my lecture."

"I'll take something, general, on Goodnight's handsome victory at Chicago yesterday, over a big fight."

"Speaking about this victory, it was a handsome one. Goodnight is a fine animal. I tell you, young man, I have had some of the grandest horses in the world," continued the general, as he led the thermometer a few lengths.

"How was it you said Goodnight was beaten at St. Louis?"

"That was the race with Lord Murphy. McLaughlin, Dwyer's rider, pulled him because his boss had money on the other horse. Whv, Goodnight finished that mile in 1:42 and was as far ahead of Lord Murphy as that house across the street is from where I stand. Why, another length and he would have shut him out."

The reporter remarked that after all there was some very fine sport in horse-racing.

A reflective look came into the old general's eye, and then he broke out suddenly as if he had wrestled with the angel and had at least thrown him a dog fall. "I'm going back to the turf. Yes, I will have to go back; I can't keep away from it. I tell you I am going to own a fine horse, and that very shortly."

"Are you going to leave the church?"

"Leave the church?" italicized the general. "Leave it? Why, bless your soul, no. Why should I? A man can own a fine horse and run him, too, and go to heaven. Must all this beautiful country go to waste because a few gamblers live here? Look at your military drill last week—wasn't there betting on it? Well, then, must our great military organizations, the protection of the country, be broken up because the people choose to bet on the result of a drill? So it is about a horse race. Why, it is ridiculous. I'm going to answer Brother Yancey, too, before long. I don't think his position is a good one. Now, I'm off to church, and be a good boy," chuckled the general, as he followed his shadow across the walk.

Mike and Biddie.

"Why don't you get off something like the Chicago Tribune man," said a member of the republican state convention, entering the Arkansas Traveler office. "That's the kind of stuff high-toned people want, and knowing that your sheet is a kind of educator, I scratched this off, which I wish you would put in," and he submitted the following:

"And you must go, Mike?"

"Yes, Biddie. Would that I could linger with thee, and forever live in the glorious sunlight of your soul, but heaven has decreed it otherwise. Darling, without you, my life will be a barren waste, a flea-bitten let-me-scratch-again waste, but I must tear myself away."

The moon arose and beamed a sad, pitying smile upon them. Away over on Capitol hill a dog howled. Sable winged night birds, in ominous gloom, flitted through the air, and from the town branch arose an odor that would have killed a horse. Biddie placed her velvet cheek upon Mike's shoulder, and looked him in the eye, John, looked him in the eye. The strong man trembled, and leaning over planted a kiss upon the marble brow of the beautiful girl.

"Darling," she whispered.

"Yes, pearl."

"Is not fate cruel? Since I was a little child, lisping in sweet innocence my mamma's name, I have loved you. The flower was then in embryo, but now it has burst forth in full bloom of

womanly devotion. When you are far away, when you have crossed the Fourche, think of me. Think that I love you with all the ardor of a strong heart, throbbing under the influence of—whew! that town branch. Mike, do you smell it?"

"Yes, love, I smell it."

"Is it not enough to sicken a mule? Is not my darling affected?"

He cast a reproachful glance upon her, and turning, he blew his nose with a long, loud snort.

"Then all is over between us," she said.

"Yes, all over."

"Then, farewell. I could have died for you, but I am infernally glad that I didn't."—From "He got there Elias," by J. N. Smith. —Arkansas Traveler.

A Square Druggist.

Texas Sittings.

"You am de squarest man in Austin," said old Uncle Mose, entering a drug store and taking a clerk by the hand. The drug man blushed modestly, and said he always tried to do his duty as a christian and an American citizen, regardless of age, race, sex or previous condition.

"I knowed right off you was a christian, sah. No man in the drug bizness cepin' a follerer ob de Lord would hang out such a sign as you has got. Hit shows you am a christian fust, and a pizen-mixer afterwards. I was just spellin' it out. Hit am de best advice eber I got in a drug store."

"What sign are you talking about, Uncle?" asked the somewhat bewildered druggist.

"Dat ar," said the old man, pointing to a placard on the wall which read: "Tasteless Medicines." "Dat ar am de best advice in the world, tasteless medicines. I nebbber had tasted no medicines no how, and dat ar am de chief reason I se alive and kickin yit. But you am de fust christian druggist eber I struck. And de old man strolled out just in time to avoid stopping with his head a package of hair restorer that the infuriated druggist hurled after him.

She Saw Him Better.

Springfield Sunday News.

The general public has long conceded that the power of the hotel clerk is superior to that of the president. A new rival has sprung up in the railroad ticket agent, as was demonstrated in an Iowa station a few weeks ago.

"I want a ticket to B—," said a well known lady of the town, just before the train was due.

"Twenty-four cents," responded the agent, working his sausage machine.

She laid down a silver quarter. Being well acquainted, and a practical joker, the agent drew from his pocket a glittering pants button and passed it over with the ticket, and scooped up the quarter.

"Is this a legal tender?" asked the lady, quietly.

"Oh, yes," he answered, with mock gravity; "they are the mainstay of the republic."

She pocketed it and got aboard, leaving the agent's face contorted with smiles. A few days after he told it to a brigade of runners buying tickets to B—, and while he was enjoying the encore the lady appeared with—

"Ticket for B—, please."

"Twenty-four cents," with a sly wink at the runners. He laid down the ticket. She scooped it and laid down twenty-four dazzling pants buttons, exactly like the first.

"You said they were legal tender. They go a long ways in supporting a family," she chirped, sweetly, as she bowed from the presence of more than presidential prerogative.

Red Hair.

Peck's Sun.

In cutting up an oak tree in Maine, a lock of red hair was found so far inside the tree that it is estimated the hair was put in the tree, two hundred and forty years ago. It was probably cut off and put in there by a sensitive girl when red hair was out of style, and a red haired girl was laughed and twitted about the sanguinary color of her head covering. We are not 240 years old, but can remember when a red headed girl was a burden to herself, because her hair gave her away. A young man had to have a good deal of independence who would escort a red haired girl anywhere, and the girls invariably became old maids. It would have been a picnic to those girls if they could have lived about these days, when a girl with beautiful red hair is considered about the sweetest flower in nature's garden. Now that we remember it, the red haired girls always were good looking, and smarter than chain lightning, and it is a confounded shame they didn't come into style years ago. They are not cutting off their hair and burying it now-a-days.

Eighty-Five Dollars Lost.

"You do not tell me that your husband is up and entirely cured by so simple a medicine as Parker's Hair Balsam?"

"Yes, indeed, I do," said Mr. Benjamin to her neighbor, "and after we had lost eighty-five dollars in doctor's bills and prescriptions. Now my husband is as well as ever."

The Matchless Liar of Chicago

"You do not doubt me, Myrtle?"

"Never!" exclaimed the girl, putting on her invisible net as she spoke, and placing her handline where she would be sure to see it in the morning.

The sun had glared down fiercely all day upon the parched earth, and now that night had come the heat was even more oppressive than ever, because the cool wind that had been wafted from the lake during the day had died away. It was a dreamy, sensuous, one-gauze-under-shirt-and-vest evening, such as one often notices while traveling in Palestine.

"You have great faith in me, have you not, little one?" Vivian McCarty said, taking the girl's off hand in his.

"Yes," replied Myrtle. "I believe in you with a childlike faith akin to that which enables a boy to bite a pie in the dark, and I love you with a deep tenderness and fair loyalty that can never die."

"And would you believe anything I told you?" Vivian murmured, kissing the dimpled hand that lay in his.

Looking at him with her starry eyes, in which there gleamed a holy love light, the girl replied, slowly, and with infinite pathos, "I would believe your every word, no matter what you told me."

"Then," said Vivian, while a baleful light shot from his dark eye, "there is no ice cream in Chicago."

For an instant, dazed by the shock, Myrtle did not speak. But presently the voice of her heart found echo in words.

"I can never believe you now," she whispered. "There cannot be another such liar in all the wide, wide world."—Chicago Tribune.

Irish Women's Sacrifices.

London Letter to Philadelphia Times.

A touching exhibit was seen at the stall of the countess of Mayo, in the shape of a quantity of plate, many of the pieces being beautiful specimens of ancient silverware. All these were heirlooms, sent direct from the hands of Irish ladies in distress in this their hour of pressing need. A novel feature of the entertainment was a concert in a hall adjoining the gardens, at which many distinguished amateurs appeared. The most interesting of these was Lady Arthur Hill, the sister-in-law of Lady Beattie, and composer of that wondrously popular song, "In the Gloaming." Lady Hill has just written a companion song to this first so-loved one, called "In the Moonlight," which I may say bids fair to prove as widely current as the other, if the enthusiasm attendant upon Lady Hill's singing of the other day be a test for an opinion. Two very charming American ladies, Mrs. Ronalds and Lady Colin Campbell sang more sweetly than bare words, can convey at the concert. A very large sum was netted by the two days' proceedings, and fired by the success of the undertaking and moved by the worthiness of the charity the Working Ladies' Guild, aided by distressed Irish gentlewomen, are to have a sale in ten days' time at the old-fashioned house on the Fulham road, which is occupied by the guild and which has just been decorated throughout by William Morris. Crescent house, as it is called, shelters the tapering fingers of gentlewomen whose art needlework is little short of marvelous, throwing quite into the shade the more hastily executed handicraft of the Royal school of Art Needlework at South Kensington. I have often seen specimens of the work at William Morris' shop in Oxford street, and to see is to admire. Many art treasures and historic relics will be shown at Crescent house when the public is bidden. These beautiful things are loans from the collections of the earls of Warwick, Denbigh and Waldegrave, the countess of Caledon and Lady Eastlake, the latter a familiar name in every circle where art is honored.

These drawings occur monthly (Sundays excepted) under provisions of an act of the General Assembly of Kentucky.

The United States Circuit court on March 31 rendered the following decisions:

1st.—That the Commonwealth Distribution Company is legal.

2d.—Its drawings are fair.

The company has now on hand a large reserve fund. Read the list of prizes for the

46th

POPULAR MONTHLY DRAWING OF THE
COMMONWEALTH DISTRIBUTION CO.

In the City of Louisville, on

MONDAY, JULY 31st, 1882.

These drawings occur monthly (Sundays excepted) under provisions of an act of the General Assembly of Kentucky.

The United States Circuit court on March 31 rendered the following decisions:

1st.—That the Commonwealth Distribution Company is legal.

2d.—Its drawings are fair.

The company has now on hand a large reserve fund. Read the list of prizes for the

JULY DRAWING.

1 Prize \$20,000 100 Prizes \$100 \$20,000
1 Prize 10,000 200 Prizes 50 10,000
1 Prize 5,000 500 Prizes 25 5,000
1 Prize 1,000 1,000 Prizes 10 1,000
1 Prize 500 2,000 Prizes 5 500
1 Prize 100 5,000 Prizes 2 100
1 Prize 50 10,000 Prizes 1 50
1 Prize 25 20,000 Prizes 1 25
1 Prize 10 50,000 Prizes 1 10
1 Prize 5 100,000 Prizes 1 5
1 Prize 2 200,000 Prizes 1 2
1 Prize 1 500,000 Prizes 1 1
1 Prize 1 1,000,000 Prizes 1 1

1,800 Prizes. \$2. Half ticket, \$1.
Whole ticket, \$2. 27 tickets, \$50. 55 tickets, \$100.

Remit money or bank draft in letter, or send by express. Don't send by registered letter or post-office order. Orders of \$5 and upwards, by express, to be sent at our expense.

Address all orders to R. M. BOARDMAN, Courier-Journal building, Louisville, Ky., or R. M. BOARDMAN, 399 Broadway, New York.

Those who desire any of the latest styles in either of the above lines will do well to give Mrs. Wallace a call. 3-14w4m

NOTICE OF FINAL SETTLEMENT.

Notice is hereby given, that the undersigned, administrator of the estate of Edwin T. Brown, deceased, will make final settlement of his accounts with said estate as such administrator at the next term of the probate court of Pettis county, Missouri, to be held at Sedalia, in said county, on the 14th day of August, A. D., 1882.

JOHN A. LACY, Judge of Probate.

7-15w3t

TRUSTEE'S SALE.

Whereas, John W. Ireland and Anna Ireland, his wife, by their deed of trust, dated November 9, 1878, and recorded in the recorder's office of Pettis county, Missouri, in trust deed book 14, on page 226, conveyed to the undersigned trustee the following described real estate, situated in said county, to-wit: Lots eighteen and nineteen, in block fourteen, in the town of Green Ridge, according to record plot of said town, in trust, to secure the payment of two promissory notes in said trust deed described. And whereas default has been made in the payment of said notes now past due. Now, therefore, by virtue of the power and authority in me vested, by the terms and provisions of said trust deed, and at the request of the owner of said notes, I will, on

SATURDAY, THE 24th DAY OF JUNE, 1882,

between the hours of nine o'clock in the forenoon and five o'clock in the afternoon of said day, sell at the court house door, in the county of Pettis, and state of Missouri, at public auction, for cash in hand, to the highest and best bidder, the real estate above described, to satisfy said notes and the interest and expense of executing this trust.

JOHN Q. ADAMS, Trustee.

(5-21w5)

TRUSTEE'S SALE.

Whereas, Martin L. Heck and Mary A. Heck, his wife, by their written deed of trust, dated the 20th day of October, 1871, and recorded in the recorder's office, in Pettis county, Missouri, in book (7) seven, page 92, conveyed to Dr. House, trustee, the following described real estate, to-wit: Seventy acres of the taken off of north end of the west half of the northeast quarter of section fifteen (15), in township forty-four (44), range twenty-two (22), in Pettis county, Missouri, in trust to secure two promissory notes in said deed described, and whereas, one of said notes is due and unpaid, and whereas, the said Dr. House, trustee, is dead; now, therefore, at the request of the legal owner of said note and in accordance with the terms of said deed, notice is hereby given that I will, on

SATURDAY, THE 20th DAY OF JULY, 1882,

between the hours of nine o'clock a. m. and 5 o'clock p. m. of that day, at the court house door, in the city of Sedalia, Pettis county, Missouri, proceed to sell said real estate to the highest and best bidder for cash, to pay said note, interest and cost of executing this trust.

M. S. CONNER, Sheriff.

(5-27w5t)

TRUSTEE'S SALE.

Whereas, Thomas Ferguson and Susan, his wife, by their certain deed of trust, dated the 23rd day of April, 1872, and recorded in the recorder's office of Pettis county, at trust and mortgage deed, book 6, page 41, conveyed to the undersigned all their right, title, interest and estate, in and to the following described real estate, situated in the county of Pettis, state of Missouri, viz: The south east quarter of the southeast quarter of section twenty (20), and the northeast quarter of the northeast quarter, of section twenty-nine (29), in township 44, and range 20. Which said conveyance was made in trust to secure the payment of a certain promissory note in said deed described, and whereas, said note has become due and is unpaid, now, therefore, in accordance with the provisions of said deed of trust, and at the request of the legal holder of said note, I shall proceed to sell the above described real estate at the court house door, in the city of Sedalia, in the county of Pettis and state aforesaid, to the highest for cash, at public auction, on

SATURDAY, THE 15th DAY OF JULY, 1882,

between the hours of nine in the forenoon and five in the afternoon of that day, to satisfy said note together with the cost and expense of executing this trust.

W. L. POWELL, Sr., Trustee.

6-6w4t.

TRUSTEE'S SALE.

Whereas, John W. Ireland and Anna Ireland, his wife, by their deed of trust, dated November 9, 1878, and recorded in the recorder's office of Pettis county, Missouri, in trust deed book 14, on page 226, conveyed to the undersigned trustee the following described real estate, situated in said county, to-wit: Lots eighteen and nineteen, in block fourteen, in the town of Green Ridge, according to record plot of said town, in trust, to secure the payment of two promissory notes in said trust deed described. And whereas default has been made in the payment of said notes now past due. Now, therefore, by virtue of the power and authority in me vested, by the terms and provisions of said trust deed, and at the request of the owner of said notes, I will, on

SATURDAY, THE 24th DAY OF JUNE, 1882,

between the hours of nine o'clock in the forenoon and five o'clock in the afternoon of said day, sell at the court house door, in the county of Pettis, and state of Missouri, at public auction, for cash in hand, to the highest and best bidder, the real estate above described, to satisfy said notes and the interest and expense of executing this trust.

JOHN Q. ADAMS, Trustee.

(5-21w5)

CHICAGO PITTS!

Forty-seventh season of the old reliable "Chicago Pitts" separators, the only first-class Apron Machine now in the market adapted for large small jobs, home or steam power. *Unusually Apron Machine that thrashes and cleans flax and all grain perfectly. Chicago Pitts Double Flax Separator. Mounted Horse Powers are the best in the world.*



A pronounced success in 1881. Lightest draft, fastest and clearest thrasher in grain, flax, and clover. Could not supply the demand. Order early. The simplest and most durable machine in the market.

TRACTION ENGINES

The Black Hawk Traction Steam Engine is the best Portable Engine in the world. With non-explosive water-tube boiler, polished interior, and other improvements, it is absolutely safe. Weighs nearly 3000 lbs less than any other of the same size. Burns straw, coal, or wood. It gives more power with less fuel, and absolutely no danger from explosion. See for Descriptive Circular.



H. A. PITTS' SONS MFG. CO.
7 and 9 S. Jefferson St. CHICAGO, ILL.

TRUSTEE'S SALE.

Whereas, Martin L. Heck and Mary A. Heck, his wife, by their written deed of trust, dated the 20th day of October, 1871, and recorded in the recorder's office, in Pettis county, Missouri, in book (7) seven, page 92, conveyed to Dr. House, trustee, the following described real estate, to-wit: Seventy acres of the taken off of north end of the west half of the northeast quarter of section fifteen (15), in township forty-four (44), range twenty-two (22), in Pettis county, Missouri, in trust to secure two promissory notes in said deed described, and whereas, one of said notes is due and unpaid, and whereas, the said Dr. House, trustee, is dead; now, therefore, at the request of the legal owner of said note and in accordance with the terms of said deed, notice is hereby given that I will, on

SATURDAY, THE 20th DAY OF JULY, 1882,

between the hours of nine o'clock a. m. and 5 o'clock p. m. of that day, at the court house door, in the city of Sedalia, Pettis county, Missouri, proceed to sell said real estate to the highest and best bidder for cash, to pay said note, interest and cost of executing this trust.

M. S. CONNER, Sheriff.

(5-27w5t)

TRUSTEE'S SALE.

Whereas, Thomas Ferguson and Susan, his wife, by their certain deed of trust, dated the 23rd day of April, 1872, and recorded in the recorder's office of Pettis county, at trust and mortgage deed, book 6, page 41, conveyed to the undersigned all their right, title, interest and estate, in and to the following described real estate, situated in the county of Pettis, state of Missouri, viz: The south east quarter of the southeast quarter of section twenty (20), and the northeast quarter of the northeast quarter, of section twenty-nine (29), in township 44, and range 20. Which said conveyance was made in trust to secure the payment of a certain promissory note in said deed described, and whereas, said note has become due and is unpaid, now, therefore, in accordance with the provisions of said deed of trust, and at the request of the legal holder of said note, I shall proceed to sell the above described real estate at the court house door, in the city of Sedalia, in the county of Pettis and state aforesaid, to the highest for cash, at public auction, on

SATURDAY, THE 15th DAY OF JULY, 1882,

between the hours of nine in the forenoon and five in the afternoon of that day, to satisfy said note together with the cost and expense of executing this trust.

W. L. POWELL, Sr., Trustee.

6-6w4t.

Parker's Hair Balsam

Settles the most stubborn hair, perfect Hair Restorer and Dressing. Admired for its cleanliness and elegant perfume. *Sever Falls to Restore Gray or Faded Hair. It cures itching scalp, dandruff, and all diseases of the scalp. 50 cents and 100 cents in all drug stores.*



Get the Best

PARKER'S GINGER TONIC

Ginger, Buchu, Mandrake, Sillimilla and many of the best medicines known are here combined into a medicine of such varied and effective power, as to make the Greatest Blood Purifier, the Best Tonic and Strength Restorer Ever Used.

It cures Dyspepsia, Rheumatism, "Croup," all diseases of the Stomach, Bowels, Lungs, Liver, Kidneys, and all Female Complaints.

If you are wasting away with Consumption or any disease, use the Tonic to-day. It will surely help you. Remember! It is far superior to Elixirs, Essences of Ginger and other Tonics, as it builds up the system without intoxicating. See, and be convinced, at all dealers in drugs. None genuine without signature of H. H. COOK & CO., N. Y. Send for circular. LARGE SAVING IN BUYING THE DOLLAR SIZE.

JOHN Q. ADAMS, Trustee.

(5-21w5)

WHOLESALE LIST

TURNPIKE

SEEDS!

MERCHANTS!

SEND US YOUR BUSINESS CARD FOR TRADE LIST.

D. LANDRETH & SONS, PHILADELPHIA.

MASON & HAMLIN ORGANS From \$22 to \$900

Sold on Easy Payments, from \$2.50 to \$5. Per Month.

Just think of it! It is their proud distinction that they have taken the higher awards at all World Fairs for the last fourteen years.

No one who has ever owned a Mason & Hamlin Organ will be satisfied with any other kind. Will the public not learn a valuable lesson from this fact.

Write or call for catalogues with the lowest net prices, terms, etc.

JOHN STARK,

2-27-d&wly 219 OHIO STREET.

BROWN'S IRON BITTERS



TRADE MARK

ATRUETONIC

BROWN'S IRON BITTERS are a certain cure for all diseases requiring a complete tonic; especially Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Intermittent Fevers, Want of Appetite, Loss of Strength, Lack of Energy, etc. Enriches the blood, strengthens the muscles, and gives new life to the nerves. Acts like a charm on the digestive organs, removing all dyspeptic symptoms, such as tasting the food, Belching, Heat in the Stomach, Heartburn, etc. The only Iron Preparation that will not blacken the teeth or give headache. Sold by all Druggists at \$1.00 a bottle.

BROWN CHEMICAL CO. Baltimore, Md.

See that all Iron Bitters are made by